

# The Times-Democrat.

VOL. XII, NO. 146.

LIMA, OHIO, FRIDAY, APRIL 3, 1896.

PRICE THREE CENTS

## BIG BLAZE IN GEORGIA.

**BRUNSWICK SUFFERS A LOSS OF HALF A MILLION.**

## HE INSURANCE IS LARGE

**WE STARTED ON THE BRUNSWICK AND WESTERN RAILROAD WHARVES, CRUSHING A LOSS TO THAT COMPANY OF TWO HUNDRED THOUSAND.**

**BRUNSWICK, Ga., April 3.—A fire at about 1:30 p.m. which swept away many of the most promising business enterprises of Brunswick. The total loss is conservatively estimated at \$100,000 and the insurance is said at \$100,000. Charles Smith, an employee of the Brunswick and Western railroad, was overcome by the heat and died.**

**The flames started on the Brunswick and Western railroad wharves, and within an hour the wharves, two large warehouses and a number of cars, containing the freight contained therein, were consumed, causing a loss to the company of \$200,000, partially insured.**

**GOVERNOR HUGHES' STORY.**

**REMOVED BECAUSE HE FAVORED THE ARIZONA LAND LEASE BILL.**

**ITS SON, A. T., April 3.—The Star, ex-Governor Hughes' paper, says:—**

**"Whatever mystery has attached to the causes of Governor Hughes' removal has been dispelled by information just received. As the charges preferred a year ago and investigated by the special agents had been dismissed, the removal was the circumstance that Governor Hughes favored the Arizona land lease bill, voted by the president and passed over his veto. It is now learned that several telegrams bearing the forged signatures of the governor were sent from the territory to members of Congress urging the passage of the land last July's veto. The telegrams were obtained by an agent of Governor Hughes and shown to President Cleveland."**

**CHINA BECOMING CIVILIZED**

**STABILITIES ARE THAT SHE WILL JOIN THE POSTAL UNION.**

**WASHINGTON, April 3.—The entrance of China into the universal postal union upon the operation of all the newly organized governments of the world, save the Orange Free State in South Africa, under one postal treaty. The accession of China to the big postal pact would necessitate the establishment of a regular domestic postal system in China, which now has only a telegraph system by which letters are received at private offices and distributed by private carriers.**

**It would also put the Chinese empire in regular postal communication with the rest of the world. The cost for admission probably will be levied at next year's postal congress, and on the empire's suggestion, follow the precedent set by the Australian colonies, be made to take effect immediately instead of a year later, as usual.**

**ROUBLE THREATENED.**

**SHUT OUT STEELWORKERS THREATEN MEN WHO TAKE THEIR PLACES.**

**CLEVELAND, April 3.—The entire power was held in reserve for several days in anticipation of a riot at the mills of the Consolidated Steel and Iron Company. A few months ago the company announced a reduction of wages in the Cleveland mill. The men threatened to strike and the works were closed and have remained.**

**Thursday the company tried to put a few men at work and a mob of old workers gathered, threatening to attack the newcomers. The company demanded protection but in view of the threatening aspect of affairs, after its own effort toward moderation, it called out men declare they will resist to the last any attempt to fill their places.**

**DECLINED WITH THANKS.**

**PRETORIA, Transvaal, April 3.—President Krueger has received from Governor Sir Hercules Robinson of Cape Colony a reply to his offers of assistance quelling the uprising in Matabedoland. Sir Hercules Robinson declined the offer of assistance and thanks President Krueger and the burghers heartily for his offer. Governor Robinson says at he considers the imperial force of 10,000 sufficient to quell the disturbance.**

**CONDITION IN ARMENIA.**

**NAPLES IS PLAYING HAVOC WITH THE UNFORTUNATES.**

**NEW YORK, April 3.—The National Armenian relief commission received the following cablegram addressed by Mrs. Clara Barton to the chairman of its commission:**

**CONSTANTINOPLE, April 1.—Spencer Trask, New York: We have just ordered eight steamers, and others, with medical supplies from Beirut and another caravan of goods into that greatly afflicted district. As will be there known, British party supplied Arabic also came to Beirut and beyond. Water is not reliable in or near Beirut. Caravans of supplies, with each caravan, are making heavy shipments each season.**

**SILLINE PODE ORDERED EVERY FACILITY GIVEN FOR DISTRIBUTION. OUR ONLY HANDWERKERS NOT UPON IT. STEAMERS 13 DAYS APART. PASS TO ALEXANDRIEN, THE SOUTHERN GATEWAY TO EGYPT, SEVEN DAYS, WHERE CARAVANS COMMENCE. TOUGH SNOW AND MUD. EASY TO TELEGRAPH THEM, BUT SNOWS ARE EXHAUSTED AND MUST WAIT FOR THEM. MRS. LEE WRITES: "NOT A GRAM OF COTTON IN MARSHAL; SUNDAY, DYSER, AND TYPHUS. NO DOCTORS BUT THOSE WE ARE."**

**BALESTON.**

**In addition there has been received a following from Marash:**

**There are 12,000 refugees here. The problem how to help sufferers here and in Zeitoun remains upon us with crushing force. The small port is past human imagination. Cold, famine, pestilence. We are using \$50 a week for clothing and bedding, and it barely covers our distribution. Our only handworkers not upon it. Steamers 13 days apart. Pass to Alexandria, the southern gateway to Egypt, seven days, where caravans commence. Tough snow and mud. Easy to telegraph them, but snows are exhausted and must wait for them. MRS. LEE WRITES: "NOT A GRAM OF COTTON IN MARSHAL; SUNDAY, DYSER, AND TYPHUS. NO DOCTORS BUT THOSE WE ARE."**

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**THE MINISTRY SUSTAINED.**

**PARIS, April 3.—After the debate in the chamber of deputies on the foreign policy of the government, a resolution, which was acceptable to the ministry, was adopted by a vote of 309 to 213.**

**TO HELP THE POOR.**

**IN RESPONSE TO THESE PRESSING DEMANDS THE MINISTRY FORWARDED TO TURKEY BY CABIN \$100,000.**

**WANTED AN EXPLANATION.**

**A YALE MAN TAKES EXCEPTION TO AN EDITORIAL ATTACK.**

**BALTIMORE, April 3.—The Rev. W. Warfield of Lynchburg, Va., created a stir in the Maryland Methodist Protestant conference by attempting to call the Rev. Dr. F. T. Tagg to account for an editorial attack upon Yale college which was printed in the Methodist Protestant, of which Dr. Tagg is editor.**

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## KONGO CANNIBALS.

DESCRIBED BY A MISSIONARY WHO KNOWS THEM WELL

Their Appetite for Human Flesh Illustrated by Scenes That Father Allaire Has Witnessed--A Life That Is Constantly Menaced With Danger.

Father Allaire, missionary apostle to the French Congo, was recently in France to order a small iron steamboat to be used in visiting the mission stations, and was persuaded while there to contribute to Le Correspondant an account of his work and its field. The courage of fathers of the French Catholic missions in Africa visit regions which are scarcely known to white men, and, living habitually far beyond the bounds of the more African civilizations, have peculiar opportunities of studying unmodified savage life. Father Allaire has been ten years in the French Congo, and for the last six years at Léopoldville.

His home station of Léopoldville is surrounded by cannibal tribes, and not only has he time and again declined inevitable invitations to take part in a cannibal feast, but more than once he has discerned among his neighbors a hunger after his own flesh.

"You are wrong," said a cannibal when the father turned in disgust from an offer of human flesh. "You should taste it, and after that you'd never turn away; it is so good."

A cannibal, bearing aloft a bloody human head, said to the father:

"That is the head of the one you knew well. We ate him three days ago. He was delicious. You should have come earlier so as to have a taste."

Cannibalism is a veritable passion with some of the father's black neighbors. Rescued slaves tell him, and he believes it, that there are in the interior chiefs who eat no flesh save that of girls and boys from 10 to 16 years of age. He made a journey up the Kongo to the land of the fierce Bondjous, strangers to him, with the hope of buying children out of slavery and taking them back to the mission station. When he reached Ngombe, an agglomeration of six or seven large cannibal villages, he was constantly saluted with the words:

"Sell us children. We will buy, but not sell them."

The cannibals had evidently heard of his mission, and the journey was in vain. When he was about to return, a chief invited him to anchor opposite a village, saying:

"Show your goods here, and my people will feed down the slave children to sell."

The father accepted the invitation, climbed with difficulty the steep embankment, more than 30 feet high, upon which stood the fortified village, and entered the place with an interpreter and a few followers. Sixty savages surrounded the priest, and he and the chief went through the famous form of brotherhood, each making a slight wound in his arm and permitting the outflowing streams of blood to mingle. The father then discovered that there were no women or children in sight, and that the points of spears were trembling behind the houses. The chief suddenly demanded gifts for himself and all his men.

There was silence in the village while the blacks babbled ceaselessly in the sun, and the lances peeped out here and there from behind the huts. The father answered that he would be glad to pay handsomely for any slaves that should be brought to the boat. At this the chief seized his left hand and bade him begin. When the father was ready to make the steep descent of the bank, he saw a stealthy giant just ready to lance one of the men from the steamboat. His left hand still grasped by the chief, the father aimed his uncharged rifle at the negro below, and the latter, dropping his weapon, drew back.

The next instant the chief had pushed the father over the bank. He lay stunned for a second, but rose unharmed to find the savage lancers attacking his own men, and the latter casting themselves into the river for safety. Quickly loading his rifle, he turned upon the attacking party, but at sight of the loaded weapon the negroes fled. Once on the boat the father found that none of his men was wounded. One, the black interpreter, was missing, and he was soon discovered making ready to storm the village. He declared that with two rifles the missionary party could sack the place, and was disgusted when the father refused to undertake the task.

"It is curious," said the interpreter, "that when these people were making ready to eat you you are unwilling to be revenged on them."

He then explained that as the missionary party clambered up to the town the negroes were vowing to have the goods as presents or by force, and that when the cannibal chief took the priest's hand the savage said significantly to his men:

"It is well; he has no skin and his hand is fat."

Father Allaire says that slavery in his part of Africa is not a thing of constant blows. Its worst feature is the possibility of human sacrifice at the death of a slave owner. The slave at ordinary times may go and come as he will, subject only to the possibility of being sold or of being called to be sacrificed in order that the dead master may have a slave company in another world. Slavery is worse for children than for adults, and in parts of the French Congo children are used as money. A pigmy is spoken of as worth so many slaves. Slave children pass through the hands of as many as 20 chiefs. A native law makes a thief caught in the act the slave of his captor, and it is not unusual for men to expose valuable things, and then have in ambush to capture and thus ensnare any one that yields to the temptation to steal the article exposed. Young children are seized and dashed when found alone, and African mothers, who are most tender of their little ones, guard them with great care.

Bilioosness  
Hood's Pills

is caused by corporal liver, which prevents a person from digesting food and partly in the stomach. Then follow diarrhea, headache,

nausea, nervousness, and if not relieved, bilious fever or blood poisoning. Hood's Pills stimulate the stomach,

rouse the liver, cure headache, dizziness, constipation, etc., 25 cents, sold by all druggists. The only pills to take with Hood's Saraparilla.

## GUN STOCKS.

The Best Made of Long Seasoned Walnut and Favored by Hand.

Gun stocks of good workmanship are made of well seasoned walnut.

"That piece of wood," said a gunsmith, holding up a heavy billet sawed into a rude semblance of a gun stock, "may have been 20 years seasoning. I've known the pile of wood it came from these 17 years. The piece, as you see it, is worth \$3. It is English walnut. This piece that I am shaping was worth \$4 in the rough. It is German walnut. The Brazilian walnut costs as much as \$15 for a single billet."

Cheap gun stocks are made from American walnut, which costs but a trifle in the rough, but is too porous for use in the best guns. Gun stocks are now turned out by machinery, and thus made they are cheap. The best are still

handmade, and it costs about \$10 to

reduce the billet of seasoned walnut to the finished and ornate stock.

Most stocks are now made with the pistol

grip feature in addition to the shoulder

piece. Doubtless the stock as a whole is

a development from the pistol handle.

The traditional ornamentation is a series of crossed lines. Skilled gunsmiths spend much time and care upon the fashioning of the stock. After it has

been shaped to the right form it is fin-

ished in a smooth and uniform surface

with laborious sandpapering, and final-

ly shellacked and rubbed down and polished after the manner of treating the best cabinet made furniture. A gun-

smith may spend two days or more in

making a stock, and a handsome stock of

Brazilian walnut may be worth \$25.

Fancy woods are not much used in

gun stocks that are to be anything but

show pieces. Mahogany is too brittle for

the purpose, and rosewood is too heavy.

The finishing has to be of a sort to re-

sist water, and hence ordinary varnish

is not used in polishing a well made

gun stock. There are comparatively few

gunsmiths in town that make a speciality

of handmade stocks, and those are usually Germans. A gunsmith is occa-

sionally asked to make an especially or-

nate stock with carvings, and possibly

even inset pearl, ivory or gold. These

stocks are costly, but for practical pur-

poses they are less useful than the plain

stock of English, German or Brazilian

walnut.—New York Sun.

## THE GOOD TIME COMING.

With the New Woman on the Platform It Will Be Time to Look Out.

"Dey tells me," said Aunt Dimity passing in the dining room door and resting her hands on her hips, "dey tells me dat wimmin is ad meetin goin on whar dey jiss spchifys same as de men is dat so?"

Her mistress laid down the paper in which she was reading the reports of some of the brilliant papers delivered before the Association for the Advo-

cacy of Women, and tried to explain matters to her.

"Dey des got up on de platform, did dey?" asked the old woman, "an speak right out in meetin?"

She was assured they did.

"An dey kin talk back?"

She was informed that was their privi-

lege.

"Bless Gord I done live to see dis day!" she replied fervently. "I lay I'll des git Drer Jones at da meetin dis very night. De odder night I felt call on to zort sinners, an he say: 'Set down, Sis Dinah, ad wimmin must keep si-

ence in de ch'ch. Dey's de weaker sex.' I was hot, an I 'pon: 'Ef dey

wa'n't no wimmin in de ch'ches, Brer Jones, whar de de ch'ch be?' Who pays de preacher? When you get dat fine coat on yo' back? Ain't it de

Daughters of Zion done raise de mney?

Don't seem lak I hear nobody complainin 'bout wimmin in de ch'ch when it

comes to passin rou de hat."

"You say do time comin when de wimmin gwine run de town? Dey'll clean up things then, sho'. I bound de mayor himself can't sweep like me, let lone deputys pleet'men. Des give me broom an I kin clean mo' street in a hour dan de committee does in a year."

"An wimmin gwine to vote too? Good master, how the world do change! Fes' de' niggers an den de wimmin. Re'en folks think some dem wimmin what's comin to goin to school an colleges is got most much sense as niggers now."

"What's dat you say? Wimmin gwine purify politics an ain't gwine sell their votes? Sho'! What's de good of votin if dey ain't no two-brain it? Dis ole nigger's been plannin to lay off work an vote fer all it's worth."—New Orleans Picayune.

Nothing can bring you peace but yourself. Nothing can bring you peace but the triumph of principles.—Emerson.

## Dr. Hand's Colic Cure.

SPRINGFIELD, O., Jan. 5, 1894.—

The Hand Medicine Co., Philadelphia:

"We have used the sample bot-

tle of Dr. Hand's Colic Cure with en-

tire success and find that it does al-

that which is claimed for it. No praise

can be too great for such a truly won-

dful remedy, and we cheerfully rec-

ommend it to anyone having a baby

with the colic. I remain sincerely

yours, Ferdinand M. King, 86 Scott

street." Dr. Hand's Remedies for

Children sold by all druggists, 25c.

## THE CLEVER WOMAN.

THE CLEVER WOMAN.

That Really Pays

...which I wrote.

The woman was charmingly dressed,

wore a Feha gown, was the mistress of

a luxurious establishment, and was dis-

pensing ten to fifteen dollars in cups

of precious saffron wine.

"Give me a kiss, just one, I pray."

Her fond insistence did not move her.

He looked aside and moved away,

scared and disgusted with her fervor.

"Give me a kiss." Her lips in shape

To tempt a saint did this bewitch him.

While he seemed planning an escape,

These plots where she could not reach him.

"Give me a kiss, just one, I pray."

Her fond insistence did not move her.

He looked aside and moved away,

scared and disgusted with her fervor.

"Give me a kiss." Each evening word

But helped knew to brighten and pain him.

Because he was brand new tired.

And she was starting in to train him.

Madeline S. Bridges in Ladies' Home Journal.

## IN THE WAY HE SHOULD GO.

...which I wrote.

In health, unmoved, her words sweet singing

Although to her it was not wed,

Nor kind to even come a-walking.

"Give me a kiss." Her lips in shape

To tempt a saint did this bewitch him.

While he seemed planning an escape,

These plots where she could not reach him.

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## WILD HORSES.

Their Capture an Industry In Australia, Where They Abound.

As a rule, the Lizards number from 10

to 12, made up of males and one stallion.

No stallion will allow another

stallion in his herd, and stubborn fights

**COMMON PLAIN FOOD. DECLINED TO ACCEPT.****is Best for Children or Adults.**

Natural grains, meat and fruit will make good blood if the digestive machinery of the body is not interfered with.

The blood when first made goes to the arteries and is of a bright color. After it has been used in supplying the body, it is carried into the veins and is there a dark or purple color. Blood contains elements to nourish and build up the body, such as iron, soda, lime, alum, etc., etc.

When the powers of the stomach and the bowels are reduced by lack of vitality or by putting coffee and tea to the stomach the processes which nature goes through with to change the food into rich, red blood are seriously interfered with.

If a man could see what a "wet arse" he put over his hard working friend, the stomach, by putting coffee, whiskey or tobacco, when was honestly rolling away to do its work well, he would never repeat the outrage and injustice. It is like striking your friend a vicious blow when he is delving away for you might and main. Don't do it. He feels more respect for himself when he acts the man and permits no form of abuse to strangle and kill the beautiful work being done him in the human body. No sort of fun on earth is equal to the fun of doing thoroughly well.

If one wants a pungent, piquant, drink for breakfast, lunch or dinner, it can be had in Postum, the health coffee. It is made wholly of grains by the Postum Cereal Company Limited, of Battle Creek, Mich.

can be truly said, "It makes red blood." It brews the deep seal color of Mocha; it creams to a rich golden brown of Java, and has an aroma and taste that makes a man thankful that someone has at last made a combination of the aims that gives such a delicious hotting that one can readily leave off coffee which has been hurting one more than likes to think of.

Medicines are poor crutches. The only safety is to use food and drink at the Creator intended for man, when this is done the diseases and sick spells gradually disappear. Common sense is quite uncommon except with those who give themselves a shaking now and then and ok plainly at what they are doing.

A person knows coffee don't hurt him, let him stick to it until it does, in such people thoroughly appreciate Postum. Grocers and druggists stick to large sales and the steady of those who once try it, is evidence of its taking ways.

"Just as good" as Postum Cereal words used to defraud the public Sold by F. A. Holland, Watson & Co., John Wheeler, J. S. Smith, L. C. De Von Bros., Jones Bros., Z. Crosson & Co., C. A. Phillips.

**The Senator's Dress Suit.**

There is a certain senator from a certain state who dined with the president one night not long ago. He wore that evening what he always wears in full dress occasions, a coat made after a design of his own—a coat which shows the elegance of a dress coat with the lines of a cutaway, but is neither one nor the other. When the senator was ready to start for the White House, some busybody hustled up to him and said:

"Why, senator, aren't you going to wear a dress coat?"

The senator drew himself up to his full height.

"What! I dress like a waiter?" he said.—Washington Star.

**The Professor Lost.**

"Now, look here," said the professor, "you are my superior in strength. I am your superior mind. Let us arbitrate this matter in which should by right have the better of our controversy."

"Oh, no," replied the bull. "Let's be up for it."

Later.—The professor lost.—London Standard.

There is an herb growing on Mount Ida and in the surrounding country which is said to stain a bright yellow the teeth of all animals that feed upon it.

The earthamine flower has for thousands of years been used to dye fabrics a yellow color. The mummy cloths and in Egyptian coffins are dyed yellow with this flower.

Watermarks were originally used on silk notes as a means of preventing counterfeiting.

**Perfect Wisdom.**

Would give us perfect health. Because men and women are not perfectly wise, they must take medicines to keep themselves perfectly healthy. Our rich blood is the basis of good health. Hood's Sarsaparilla is the true blood purifier. It gives good health because it builds upon a true foundation—pure blood.

Hood's Pills are purely vegetable, perfectly harmless, always reliable and beneficial.

Foley's Sarsaparilla combines the best searching remedies scientifically prepared to extract their utmost virtue. If you need a spring blood purifier, be sure and take Foley's Sarsaparilla; trial size, 50c. H. F. Sarsaparilla, n. c. cor. Main and North.

**Manitoba Refuses Proposition For Separate Schools.****SHE HAS A PLAN OF HER OWN.**

Proposes to Entirely Secularize the Schools, Offering to Set Apart a Half Hour Each Day for Religious Exercises.

Ottawa, April 2.—The text of the proceedings at the conference between the Dominion and Manitoba government commissioners, which closed without result at Winnipeg with relation to the vexed school question, was made public here and at Winnipeg.

The official statement shows that the Dominion government made a proposition to Manitoba that the province should adopt the Nova Scotia or New Brunswick system, under which such schools, in a modified form, are retained.

The Manitoba government replied,

desiring to accept the offer, but proposed to entirely secularize the schools, offering to set apart a half hour, between 3:30 and 4 p.m., each day, for religious exercises and teaching, such exercises to be conducted by any Christian clergyman whose charge included any portion of the school district, or by a person not a clergyman, but authorized by the latter and acceptable to a majority of the school trustees.

No pupils should be required to attend the religious exercises if the parents object, and such pupils would be directed at least half of the time to the Dominion government, through its commissioners, refused to accept, and the conference closed.

**MATABELE AMUSEMENT.**

They Massacre All the Whites at Inyatiria in Very Short Order.

London, April 3.—Sir Hercules Robinson, governor of Cape Colony, has called to the government the details of the massacre of white men at Inyatiria, in Matabeleland, including Messrs. Cass, Hadley and Burford.

Assistant Commissioner Graham was murdered by the Matabeles at Inyatiria on March 27. A general attack upon the whites followed and they were entirely captured and almost overwhelmed, being unable to make any effective stand against the native warriors. They managed to get hold of a wagon and with that they managed to effect a retreat of three miles. Their flight was perceived and they were closely followed.

Some 300 Matabeles surrounded the wagon and paid a stop to its progress, and the hard pressed whites were brought to their last stand with nothing but them to bar their lives as dearly as they could. They kept off their toes as long as possible with their firearms, and when the blacks closed in upon them a fierce and desperate hand-to-hand conflict ended it. Overborne by superior numbers six of the whites were killed.

Bill Donovan, the only survivor of the massacre, managed to escape by hiding in the long grass and creeping away undiscovered. Donovan estimates that fully 50 of the Matabeles were killed before the party of white men were overpowered.

**DISTRIBUTION OF MONEY.**

An Alleged Daughter Got Half of Croesus' Millions.

SYRACUSE, April 3.—There will be a division of \$840,000 among the heirs of the late Dr. Edgar Croseus of this city on April 23, under an order made by Surrogate Glass. The case is a famous one and has been in the courts for three years. Three million dollars have already been distributed.

His reported daughter, Dorothy Eliza Croseus, daughter of Mrs. Sibert Kestrel of New York, receives one-half of the estate, and under the next division will get \$270,000 each of the cousins \$10,000.

**To Inspect the Consular System.**

WASHINGTON, April 3.—Mr. McCall of Massachusetts introduced a bill authorizing the president to appoint a commission composed of the assistant secretary of state, the assistant secretary of the treasury in charge of the customs service, two senators, two representatives and two citizens, whose duty it shall be to make a personal inspection of such consulates and consultar agencies as it may deem necessary for a complete understanding of the consular system.

**Providing For Retaliation.**

WASHINGTON, April 3.—Representative McElroy of Nebraska introduced a bill providing that the president may meet discrimination against the United States by any means, by increasing the rate of duty on the products of the country making the discrimination to an amount equal to the discrimination made.

**Jewelry Robbers Sentenced.**

BURGESS, April 3.—Two Englishmen named Anderson and James and an American named Willis were sentenced to five years' imprisonment and Anna James to four years for the recent jewelry robbery at Ostend. The woman became very violent while she was in the dock.

**Regulating Second Class Matter.**

WASHINGTON, April 3.—Senator Lodge introduced a bill providing that monthly publications entered as second class mail matter shall be charged at the same rate of postage as weekly publications.

**Hope to Remain Two Years.**

MADRIN, April 3.—In an interview with Captain General Weyler of Cuba, he is reported as saying that he hoped to end the campaign in Cuba in two years.

**Weather Indications.**

For Ohio—Generally fair; possibly light showers of snow on the lakes; warmer; brisk and high westerly winds.

For Indiana—Fair; warmer; fresh and brisk westerly winds.

For West Virginia—Generally fair; warm or; westerly winds.

**HUMORS OF WHIST.**

Remarks That Have Been Made Around the Table.

A good story is told of a lawyer in Chicago who considered himself a great authority on whist. He wrote a book on the subject, and sent it to famous Milwaukee player for his opinion of it. In about a week the book was returned to him with the following letter:

My Dear Sir—Your favor of the 1st, accompanied by your book, was duly received. I have read it very carefully. It seems to be a very good game, but I don't think it is as good a game as whist. Sincerely yours,

It is no unusual thing to hear a player at whist remark, after being beaten by his partner for a very bad playing "Well, I play whist for pleasure." He does not stop to think that he gives his partner anything but "pleasure." Such players cause their partners many "un motuys quart d'heure." It might be a great "pleasure" for a novice to play a duet on the piano with Paderevski. One can readily imagine how much "pleasure" Paderevski would find in the performance. If a man wants to play whist, he should study the books and familiarize himself with them before inflicting his play on a partner who knows anything of the game, or else devote his great mind to dominoes.

It is related of one of these gentle geniuses that, after a hand at whist, his partner asked him, "Why in thunder didn't you name that queen of clubs?" He naively replied, "Why, I only had one little trump." Sometimes, as in this case, the humor—unknown to the perpetrator—carries off the bad feeling engendered by his horrid mistakes and ignorance. It is so easy, if one would devote a little time and ordinary intelligence to the study of the game, to learn to play a fairly good game of whist.

Four players started a game of whist not long since, a noted wit being one of them. He was dealing and made a misdeal. He dropped his cards and burst into laughter. "That reminds me," said he, "of my dear old friend, Judge Peckham, father of the present judge. He was a great whist player at the old school and had great patience with a poor player. I was passing the cardroom one day and met one of the poorest players in the club coming out. 'Have you been playing whist?' I asked. 'Yes,' said he. 'Who was your partner?' 'Judge Peckham,' he replied. 'Did he pitch into you pretty strong?' 'No, indeed. He only made one remark. I was dealing and made a misdeal. The judge said, 'Why, you fool, you don't even know how to deal!' This is the only remark he made during the entire game." —Washington Star.

**A SAVAGE MARSUPIAL.**

An Australian Mammal That Is Whole Menagerie In Itself.

The so-called zebra wolf of Australia is also called the native tiger; but, strange to say, it is not even a cousin to zebra, wolf or tiger, belonging to the same family as the kangaroo, the shrew and gentle wombats and the sly old opossum—all those animals that carry their babies in their pockets.

The eyes, which are large, are furnished with a membrane, like the eyes of owls, and this is called the nictitating membrane. This is almost continually moving in the daytime, as the eyes are exposed to more or less of sunshine. Without this membrane the amount of light admitted through the large pupil would puzzle the zebra wolf.

The general color of the somewhat short woolly fur is grayish brown, a little mottled to yellowish. Across this ground color the black bands show up sharp and clear. These stripes are usually 14 in number, beginning just back of the shoulders, where they are narrowest and growing broader and longer back of the haunches. The skins are in demand for lap robes and rugs, which gives an added reason for hunting the weevils.

Two zebra wolves were taken to the zoological gardens in London, where they flourished and raised a family. When they came, it was thought Great Britain would be too cold for them, but there seems to be no reason why they should not thrive even in Canada, as they have been known to live on the mountains of Tasmania, 3,000 feet above the sea level, where the ground is sometimes covered with snow for many weeks and frosts are severe.

Do you wonder that his name is slightly mixed? The marvel is that he is not named menagerie and done with it, for with his doglike face and short wolf ears, eyes like an owl, zebra stripes and a pouch like a kangaroo, his mixed and pickle beastship could answer to almost any name you might wish to call him. When he becomes extinct, we can truly say we never shall see his like again.—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

**Nature's Noblemen.**

Two self supporting gentlewomen were recently comparing their experiences of the past few years, and both declared that on the rare occasions when they had been treated uncivilly by persons of the other sex it had been by those who were known in the social world as gentlemen. George Meredith has made Diana of the Crossways to say:

"The English gentleman trades on his reputation. In a third class carriage no woman is unprotected." —London Sun.

**At the Navy Yard.**

"So this is the minie rifle?"  
"Yes, mam."

"And that's the maxim gun?"  
"Yes, mam. The minie-mam and the maxim-mum!" —New York Recorder.

The rosy fingered moon did there disclose her beauty, ruddy as a blushing bride, gilding the marigold, painting the rose, with Indian chrysanthemums her cheeks were dy'd.—Baron.

The poison dagger, an infamous weapon, still in use among the aborigines of Brazil, is fashioned after the fangs of a serpent.

Paper hangings, for use on walls, were introduced into Europe from the east in 1775.

**THE GOLDEN HAND.****LEGEND OF HIDDEN TREASURE IN CENTRAL AMERICA.**

Two Venturesome Men Hear the Story From an Old Indian, and With Him as Guide They seek Out the Plate-Only Two of the Party Return.

You're counting too much on the word of an Indian. Old Zapell is a noted liar—he'll tell all these Spanish speaking foreigners."

"Ab, Jack, you do him injustice. He's a good man but you give him credit for it. It's ridiculous to believe that the ancients had enough mechanical skill to construct a machine to prevent one from getting at the gold."

This last speech was from my old comrade, Tom French. We were in the interior of Central America when the following conversation took place. It was the end of many a long day we had had on the subject of a search for a treasure.

The legend was briefly that deep in the center of a crater of a worn-out volcano the ancient Indians of that country had excavated a vault where they had piled up countless bars of virgin gold. There was above this planted a boulder, the only indication of the hiding place. The peculiarity of the crater was that it was four square, half a mile each way, and from the summit to the floor, a distance of 500 feet. To reach the floor there was a hidden path and this was guarded by a mysterious golden hand.

Tradition, the Indians said, made it possible to locate the mountain in only one way. That was by climbing the peaks in the barren region far above us to the southeastward until one should be found from whose lofty crest there were three other peaks forming a straight line. In the central mountain was the treasure.

Few burdens could be carried with us in that high, rare atmosphere, and we were soon on our way with old Zapell shaking his head, as if in prediction of disaster. Hardened as we were by our out of door life, the strain was terrible. We lost our way repeatedly and found ourselves confronted by vast crannies in our pathway up the mountain side. Wide detours, costing us half a day and sometimes a day of valuable time, were forced made, only to find ourselves at the top of a precipice that barred our progress. We had had infinite trouble climbed two lofty mountains, only to find ourselves at the summit of a range of other mountain towns, as demanded by the legend, when we finally refused to go farther. It was scandal. Half our provisions and water were gone. But Tom pleaded for one more chance. "Do you see that long range?" he cried. "It's in one of these. Let's make one more attempt." In misfortune pity for him I yielded.

As we reached the summit, behold! there were three mountain peaks in a row. Tom sprang forward and after another struggle we were at the top of the central mountain. As we approached the top it could be seen that there had been volcanic action in ages past. Zapell's eyes were rolling in every direction, on the lookout for some supernatural phenomenon. Suddenly bursting through, dense fringe of bushes we found ourselves on the very edge of a vast crater. As with common impulse we looked to the center, and there was an immense boulder. "At last," cried Tom, "at last!" Then he ran his eye along the verge, scanning it foot by foot. "The path," he almost screamed, and he stumbled along at a pace that exhausted us, we were, we could scarcely maintain. "Take care, Tom." I managed to ejaculate, though I was nearly as wild as he. But Tom apparently heard nothing. He had eyes and ears only for the one goal.

The path along the side of the precipice, we could see, led upward from the floor of the arena far below us, but the top was concealed from our intent gaze by a dense mass of shrubbery. Around the sides of the crater we half stumbled, half ran. When we reached the spot where we thought it possible to strike upon the opening, we made dashes here and there into the greenery. After many disappointments a cry from Tom told me the path had been found.

Zapell by this time was in a state of collapse through fear and fatigue. Again I warned Tom to exercise caution, but he plunged ahead, and I followed as slowly as I could. The path downward was not more than a foot in width, and it required all my strength and dexterity to keep my footing. Suddenly on rounding a sharp angle in the face of the precipice I was confronted by a flat rock five minutes' climb farther down. It seemed to be set in the face of the crater and to jut out, cutting off further progress in that direction. The rock was of a peculiar reddish yellow color, and, on looking more intently, it seemed to take upon itself the shape of a monstrous hand. It flashed over me all at once—this was the golden hand of the Indian's legend. I called to Tom, but he was far below me. "Tom, the rock!" I cried hoarsely, and my own voice sounded strangely in my ears. But Tom had already reached it. Suddenly a scream of anguish I shall never forget rose in that awful stillness, and in another instant I saw that ponderous hand of golden stone sink lower, still lower. Another scream wilder than before and Tom's form could be seen striving vainly to clutch with his hands the smooth surface as it sank downward with increasing rapidity. I shut my eyes and listened. The sight was too awful to bear. When I opened them, the rock that had turned on a pivot with poor Tom's weight was upright and was moving back to its original place. Of that frightful fall into the crater I had no clear recollection. Old Zapell and I had weary days of toil in our return to the plantation, and my life was nearly forfeited by a fever in which I could hear Tom's

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The purchase of one of our \$5.00 young men's suits of black cheviot, serge lined, tailored by skilled hands and cut to fit: style of 1-96.

## THE LIMA CLOTHING COMPANY,

NORTH MAIN STREET.

### The Lima Times-Democrat

LARGEST CIRCULATION IN LIMA.

Postage Prepaid Anywhere in United States.

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**THE TIMES-DEMOCRAT** has the largest circulation of any daily newspaper in northwestern Ohio. It is published every evening. It reaches into every portion of Lima and goes into every postoffice in Allen county. The Lima Times-Democrat is recognized as the people's paper, and as such is the most popular newspaper in the city. It is a true newspaper, one of the firmest and rapidly increasing. It attests its superiority over all competitors.

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LIMA, O.

### ANNOUNCEMENTS.

FOR MEMBER OF CONGRESS.  
We are authorized to announce the name of JOHN H. BERNALY as a candidate for nomination for Member of Congress, subject to the action of the Democratic county convention of Allen county, and the Democratic Congressional convention of the fourth Ohio district.

FOR COUNTY COMMISSIONER.  
We are authorized to announce the name of T. C. BURNS of Spencerville township, as a candidate for nomination for Commissioner of Allen county, subject to the Democratic County Convention.

We are authorized to announce the name of CHARLES E. BURTH, of Marion township, as a candidate for nomination for County Commissioner, subject to the decision of the Democratic County Convention.

We are authorized to announce the name of O. C. LUDWIG, of Marion township, as a candidate for nomination for County Commissioner, subject to the Democratic County convention.

CLERK OF THE COURT.  
You are hereby authorized to announce the name of U. M. SHAPPELL as a candidate for Clerk of Court—second term—subject to the decision of the Democratic county convention.

PROBATE JUDGE.

You are authorized to announce the name of THEODORE D. ROBB as a candidate for nomination for Probate Judge—second term—subject to the decision of the Democratic county convention.

### FOR PROSECUTING ATTORNEY.

You are hereby authorized to announce the name of J. C. RIDENOUR as a candidate for Prosecuting Attorney—second term—subject to the decision of the Democratic county convention.

### FOR COUNTY RECORDER.

You are hereby authorized to announce the name of ABRAHAM HARROD as a candidate for Recorder—second term—subject to the decision of the Democratic county convention.

### COUNTY AUDITOR.

You are hereby authorized to announce the name of PHILIP WALTER as a candidate for Auditor—second term—subject to the decision of the Democratic county convention.

### FOR INFIRMARY DIRECTOR.

We are authorized to announce the name of ELI MECHLING as candidate for Infirmary Director—second term—subject to the decision of the Democratic county convention.

### DEMOCRATIC COUNTY CONVENTION.

The Democracy of Allen county are requested to meet in delegate convention at Assembly room of Court House on the day April 14, 1896, at ten o'clock a.m., for the purpose of placing in nomination candidates for the following offices: Mayor, City Clerk, Sheriff, Prothonotary, Probate Judge, Clerk of the Court, Auditor, Recorder, County Commissioner, Infirmary Director and Prosecuting Attorney.

The basis of representation in the County Convention will be one delegate for every twenty-five voters or fraction over thirteen cast for James E. Campbell at the November election in 1895, and the apportionment will be as follows:

Amherst township	4
Antioch township, east precinct	4
Antioch township, west precinct	4
Bath township	6
German township	8
Jackson township	10
Marion township	10
Dolphin, First ward	12
Dolphin, Second ward	12
Monroe township	8
Lima, First ward, precinct A	12
Lima, First ward, precinct B	12

There are the two extremes in every city, and no doubt there are people in each extreme, the very *newfangled* and the very conservative, who do not like Mr. Smiley's course, but the opposition of such people is only to his credit, as it shows that he is a fair minded man, conducting the affairs of his office for the many and not for the select classes."

Right! Mr. Smiley is not an experiment. He has served himself for two years. No guessing is necessary on that score. No mayor of the city has ever worked so hard to play both ends against the middle as Smiley. To-day he sees his two-faced policy raze, and with it through his historian he seeks to assume himself on a broad platform, the deception will not work. The people know better. They know that the affairs of his office have been conducted for the few as against the many, to such an extent as to invite the most adverse criticism from all fair-minded men.

"Lima was never governed better than during the past two years. The records speak for themselves; facts are facts and cannot be dodged, no matter how painful they may be for some people. During the past two years not a single murder has occurred; thefts have been few, and in most instances the vigilance of the police has resulted in an arrest. You don't read of footpads and holdups in Lima like in nearly every surrounding city. It is the duty of the mayor, acting through his police, to prevent such happenings."

"The records speak for themselves, facts are facts and cannot be dodged," says Mr. Smiley's defender. Then look at the following facts:

On May 28, 1894, within two months after Smiley's career as mayor began, Frank Poiser murdered one Patrick Lyons, and it is an open secret that Smiley's police, acting through him, never made an honest effort to capture Poiser. They even now know where he is, and could bring him to Lima within a few days, but there isn't "enough in it." Justice, therefore, under Smiley's administration, is regulated by the price offered.

But says the Smiley historian, "thefts have been few, and in most instances the vigilance of the police has resulted in an arrest. Attention is called to the Banta robbery, which occurred last night, and is without doubt the most extensive and daring theft of a private residence ever happening in the city."

We think, and the public will think, in view of all these palliating and historical circumstances, that Mr. Smiley should NOT BE HONORED with a re-election.

If L. L. F. Hippolyte, president of the Haitian republic, which comprises the western end of the island of Santo Domingo, had lived until next October, he would have held his office the full term of seven years, which no president of the tumultuous negro republic had ever been able to do before. Hippolyte, too, was a tolerably old man for the president of a southern republic, being nearly 72 years of age. He possessed abilities which would have secured him a commanding position even in a white man's country. He began his career as a common soldier, rose to be senator and statesman, dethroned his rival, Legitime, and made himself president. All means came handy to Hippolyte in the maintenance of his position as president from diplomacy to deeds of violence. When one did not serve, he did not hesitate to adopt the other. He was daring, reckless, brainy and determined. It remains to be seen whether any other black man has the steady nerve and the iron hand to control the negro republic.

It ought to be ascertained, once for all, whether the stories of Spanish outrages in Cuba—as, for instance, the burying alive of two men supposed to be in sympathy with the patriots—are true. That being done, if the tales prove true Cuban independence ought to be recognized by this country before 24 hours. The Cubans declare in the most emphatic manner that the half has not been told concerning Spanish cruelty and inhumanity. On his side Weyler denies it as solemnly. It is very easy, however, to disclaim responsibility for outrages that underofficers do by the assertion that they exceeded orders and the commanding general regrets it greatly, etc. That seems to be what Weyler does. But this ought not to be allowed to serve as an excuse for continued butcheries.

Mrs. H. Sheppard, Room 21 Edgington Block, Omaha, Neb., writes: "I have had constipation for a long time and I also had a bad case of internal hemorrhoids (pile) from which I suffered untold pain. Your Dr. Kay's Renovator has entirely cured me." Sold by druggists at 25 cts. and \$1. The Harley Pharmacy, Lima, O.

Granting the figures given are correct, the writer did not go far enough into detail. He should have asked Mr. Smiley to let him publish the totals from his private ledger, for the purpose of showing that the office of mayor as administered by him is not a private snap. The fees and fines turned in from city cases, as reported, do not cover all the moneys received by the mayor, the present one at least. For the year ending March 31st, he collected and paid into the county \$273, fines collected in state cases, and of this amount, he drew back again \$223 as his fees, which he, of course, added to his fixed salary of \$1200. Ninety

per cent of these cases properly came within his jurisdiction as mayor, and should have been classed as city cases. As such, he would have received no fees in addition to his salary, so he promptly shifted the cut, made them state cases, and pocketed the emoluments. But the \$223 does not cover all the fees his honor has put down. In all state cases brought before him, where simply a fee was imposed, Mr. Smiley has collected the fees, kept them, and turned only the fine to the county. The amount thus raised in fees is known to Mr. Smiley alone. Mr. Smiley, in addition to this, looks further after his private interests in running a civil docket, the first mayor in the history of this city to do it, and allowing his police to serve papers therein, to the detriment of the performance of their duties, and in direct violation of the statutes: papers thus served being of no force and effect. In other words, being nothing but a case of bulldoze. His Honor Smiley does not stop even here. In addition to his many assumed duties for revenue, he takes on the additional one of a legal advisor, and charges his victims whatever he thinks he can get for the advice he gives. One instance of recent date was that of a colored woman, whose sixteen-year-old daughter fell a victim to the wife of a man much her senior. Rather than have the trouble given publicity she met the accused in Smiley's private office and settled the case, receiving \$20 in cash as part payment. Of this sum Mr. Smiley charged her \$15, in lieu of the fees the settlement beat him out of. Of course, this does not prevent the poor and unfortunate from approaching him, and receiving a respectable \$15 audience. And furthermore, so long as Mr. Smiley can have and demand such audiences, there is no reason why he should not give his extra time to—the city?

We think, and the public will think, in view of all these palliating and historical circumstances, that Mr. Smiley should NOT BE HONORED with a re-election.

In the midst of the disturbances and quarrels, national and private, all over the world this fact stands out clear: The man who keeps his mouth shut is the man who keeps out of trouble.

The fiercest fighting in the battle in which Meleek defeated the Italians took place near Adowah, the capital of Abyssinia.

In judging of allors in Cuba, the American citizen needs steadily to bear in mind that Spaniards he when they change that the revolution is merely the insurrection of a lot of ignorant ingrates and miscreants. It would perhaps be more polite to say they falsify facts, but it is shorter and plainer to say they lie. More than two thirds of the population of Cuba is white. There is not even a majority of negro population in any one of the 11 provinces.

Purchasing station discontinued.

WASHINGTON, April 3.—Orders have come from the war department to break up the army purchasing station at Los Angeles and Major William A. Elliston, the commissary in charge, has been ordered to report to San Antonio to take charge of that station.

Prisoner in a speedy trial.

WINSTON, O., April 3.—The hand son daughter of John G. Stotts mysteriously disappeared last Saturday.

She was a prisoner on a shanty boat in the Ohio river, b la captive of the man who released her Wednesday and disappeared.

The Joe Bridge Game.

NEW YORK, April 3.—The 11 bridge association to the influx of spring and the large hopped-up claimants of ice which have been raised in certain high in the gorges are now holding like icebergs all over Lake Ontario.

A small bridge failed.

CLEVELAND, April 3.—The New York railroad company filed a mortgage of \$20,000,000, given the Farmers' Loan and Trust company of New York. This is merely in furtherance of the plan of reorganization.

Carriage Makers Assn.

LANCASTER, O., April 3.—William Gause & Son, carriage makers, have assumed assets, \$5,000; liabilities, \$8,000.

Outlaid All Relatives.

MINDEN, N. Y., April 3.—Peter E. Conkling died near this city aged 106. All his relatives are dead.

New Postmaster For Delphos.

DELPHOS, O., April 3.—T. A. Weger's nomination for postmaster here has been confirmed.

Turf Winners.

At New Orleans—Jaxon, Galleywest, Tit-for-Tat, Prince Imperial, La Belle France, Milne M. At Little Rock—Tout-le-Tout, Tex, Lady Mae, Rondo, Mazamilla.

Life, Liberty and Pursuit of Happiness.

Cannot be guaranteed to those suffering from kidney disease unless they take Clinic Kidney Cure. H. F. Hoer, May Hoer and Mrs. Hoer, Beatty, all of Lima, were the guests of Mr. and Mrs. J. O. Hoer on Wednesday.

Dye Laces and all trimmings.

DEPT. OF TREAT'S.

Keep in the Middle of the Road.

Turn not to the right nor to the left, until you come to where we stay, then stop. You can just make \$1.00 by stopping and buying a pair of our \$2.50 or \$3.00 Russia Calf Shoes for men. Latest styles. Latest shades. It's not our business to bleed you. It's our business to sell good goods cheap.

OWEN : FRANCIS.

### FROM ELIDA

The following papers of the Public Schools have received awards for the month ending March 27, 1896:

#### HIGH SCHOOL

A and B grades, Charles W. Brink C grade, Jessie Miller.

#### GRAMMAR SCHOOL

A grade, Beryl Crates; B grade, Mabel Crates; C grade, Durfee Link D grade, Zoe Crates.

#### PRIMARY SCHOOL

A grade, Vera Sherick; B grade, Vilas Crates; C grade, Ode Lee D grade, Crater Easton and Clara Keller.

#### YODER ITEMS.

Hank Wiswell sprained his white cutting wood.

Bonnie Apple purchased a pair of rabbits, last Friday.

J. A. Jacobs discontinued making maple syrup last Monday.

Wm. Crumrine, of Lima, was visiting at Isaac McClain's, this week.

There was a spelling at Perry Center school house last Friday night.

Elias Grafton, who has been sick for some time, is able to be around again.

Miss Kate Cowles, of Jamestown, N. Y., was at this place on business last week.

J. F. McClain is able to be out again. He was visiting at his sister's Tuesday.

Rev. Hill, of Lima, will preach at Garfield Chapel next Sunday, after Sunday school.

The school of A. E. Rankin was closed last Friday, and the scholars gave him a beautiful album for a present.

The Ohio Oil Co. located to the south of this place, Monday, one of the J. A. Jacobs farm and he ate John Martin farm.

### CRIDERSVILLE NEWS.

Mrs. Eliza Raymond went to Lima on Thursday.

William Shaffer went to Lima Thursday on business.

Mrs. H. L. Howell went to Wapakoneta on Thursday.

Cridersville will have a new grocery store in the near future.

F. M. Parmenter has sold his property on Sugar street to Rutherford Wood.

The Free Methodist closed their meeting at this place on last Tuesday night.

F. M. Parmenter went to Upper Springs on Thursday to look over the property.

The E. D. church of the pipe will give an Easter concert on Sunday evening.

The Cridersville Oh. Congregation No. 2, on the Amos



## WITH PIKE AND PEAVEY.

Perils and Hardships of the Log Driver's Vocation.

## EXAMINING LOGS OF THE FOREST.

bounding down where streams on which log-bound timber is taken lies in his hand when he breaks a log jam.

Just at this time of year the log driving season begins. Perhaps you have noticed it. That is not at all strange, for it is only in a few sections of the country where the log driver is in evidence. He does his work mainly in the solitudes of the backwoods, far from towns and civilization. Perhaps it is just as well, for the log driver does not shine brightly in society.

But away up in the little streams that feed the Manistee in Michigan, the Penobscot and the Kennebec in Maine, the rushing Restigouche in Canada and the big rivers of Minnesota and Wisconsin the log drivers now hold the center of the scene.

With the first warm days of April have begun to honeycomb the ice, which has locked the streams for months, when the melting snows swell them into twice and three times their usual size, then it is that the lumber contractor makes ready for the spring drive. The logs which have been cut during the winter months and hauled to the bank of a convenient stream must be floated down toward the sawmills where the gang saws are waiting grimly for them. The high water cannot be depended upon to last for more than five or six weeks, and prompt work is necessary.

The first thing to be done is to get the logs which are piled up on the bank into the water. This is easily accomplished, for all that is necessary is to start them, and they roll with a great splash



BREAKING A LOG JAM.

and crushing of ice into the stream. By the time this is done there comes a big rain or a thaw, and away the logs rush down stream with the mad waters.

Then comes the river driver.

A picturesque figure he is in his long ston boots, his heavy flannel shirt sleeves rolled up on his brawny arms and grasping his formidable peavey or his foot pole. He brings to his work not only muscle and brawn, but the courage of a crusader, the skill of a tight rope walker and a perfect indifference to cold, hunger and hardships of every kind.

From the headwaters of the stream where the logs begin their journey down to some large body of water where they are collected into booms the log driver must follow them, guiding them along with skillful jabs from his pike, shooting them from sand bars where they have stranded and breaking them loose when they have become entangled in a jam.

Perhaps it is 100 miles from the banking ground where they start to the river where wait the tugs and booms of the booming company which is to take charge of them for the remainder of their journey to the mill. The driver travels the whole of this distance in the very midst of the foaming waters with no more substantial craft under him than a green log. It may well be called a perilous business. A man unskilled in the knack of log driving would keep out of the icy water just about a minute. Nothing more unstable than a small floating log can be imagined. Every turn of the current gives it an additional rotary motion, and every time it is struck by another log the motion changes.

But the river driver is just as much at home and at his ease in the midst of a moving mass of plunging, whirling logs as he would be on a city pavement. In the thick soles of his big boots are stuck dozens of sharp brads—cisks, he calls them—which stick into the log and keep his feet from slipping. His long, slender pike he uses as a balancing pole in ticklish places, but he would soon be at a loss to know what to do with the log about him. He has seen two river drivers get on one small log and try to roll each other off, and that when the water was only just above freezing point.

But there is little time for this sort of fun while the drive is on. The logs seem to be about as stubborn to move as a drove of pigs. They are always getting hung up on snags, rocks and bars, and when one sinks a dozen more are sure to follow. The stragglers have to be snatched off and made to take their place in the procession that moves rapidly along with the current.

Sometimes the drivers notice that the movement is becoming more and more slow and that the stream is begin-

ning to widen out. They know what that means well enough.

The word is passed on until it reaches the captain of the drive. He at once gathers up a picked crew of his best men and starts off down stream as fast as possible, the men jumping from log to log and running over the moving surface as handily as newsboys dodging cable cars in a crowded street.

A log jam is a sight worth seeing, but one which the river driver does not care to witness. It happens when two or more logs get tangled up with the shore and each other in such a way as to block the stream. Then there is trouble. Like so many sheep the logs come tumbling on, each one adding to the strength of the others. Then the current cuts through the barrier plowing their way under as far as they can get, and in a short time the stream is completely filled up, making in a few moments a dam as effectual as a dozen men could construct in a week.

When the captain of the drive and his crew arrive, they take a hasty view of the situation and at once get to work, for the logs are piling up higher and higher every moment. The practiced eye of the captain soon picks out the logs which have done all the mischief, although to the uninitiated there is nothing but a confused mass of timber.

"Well, you must know where Truly pond is," continued Jack. "Blessed if I don't catch a bear mighty queer there last fall. Jim Hodge give me a lift on the job, I must say, but that ain't the point. Fact is, the great point was going to chop it to pieces is all that is required to break the jam."

Then comes the call for a volunteer. This is a thrilling moment. A veritable hero is wanted. Perhaps you smile. You wouldn't if you had once witnessed such a scene and looked at the serious faces of the men who are seemingly careless of their lives. They know what is in store for the man must take who goes out on the front of that jam and releases the mighty forces that are behind it.

There is a moment's hesitation, and then a broad shouldered logger steps forward with a look of grim determination on his face. He has coolly decided to risk his life. There is no inducement

to do this, and there is no inducement to risk his life.

Offered, not even that of promotion, which sometimes spurs the soldier on to valiant deeds. The respect and admiration of his comrades, often unexpressed, is the only possible reward if he succeeds.

A rope is tied around the waist of the volunteer, and grabbing an ax or a peavey he climbs out on the face of the pile, which groans and creaks ominously as the logs thunder down on the barricade that stops their progress. Singing out the uncharming key log, he attacks it. First he tries to wrench it from its place with the peavey, a stout ash lever with an iron cant dog on the end.

But the parrot fails. Then he tries the ax. With quick, firm, but cautious strokes he cuts away the very foundation on which his feet rest. The crew on the shore watch the work narrowly.

"Look out! There she comes!"

The jam has broken!

With a menacing roar the imprisoned waters break through the gap and hurl the great logs before them as if they were chips. Throwing away his ax, the daring logger makes a desperate dash for the shore. Now a mass of logs topple over, and it seems as if he must be buried beneath their weight. But, no; he dodges out from under them just in time.

Now look! The jam has given way in front. His escape is cut off. No, there is still one chance. By a wonderful leap he alights on a big log that is plunging and diving in the foam. He rides it for a moment, and just as it is about to plunge again into the stream he jumps to another. A few more leaps and he is safe. A hearty shout goes up from the men who drag him ashore.

The jam is broken, and the man who did the work will figure as the hero for years to come.

## Sewell Ford.

Such are some of the perils of a log driver's life.

SEWELL FORD.

Camel's Flesh For Fresh.

The Algerian butchers says La Poitevin Republic of Paris, have made a contract with two Paris houses to supply a large quantity of camel's meat, which will be sold in the capital during the carnal time.

According to the official report of the Algerian sanitary inspector, the meat resembles that of the ox, but is not so fat in its fiber. It is as tender and as nutritious as veal. The camel's ham is said to be an especially dainty morsel.

Rings of Peat.

Irish peat rings, which made their first appearance in London quite recently, are gaining popularity in many quarters.

Not only rings, but dresses and men's suits can be made out of this peat,

which is nothing more or less than Irish bog mixed with a little peat.

## JACK'S TRUE YARNS.

## THE OLD NORTH WOODS GUIDE TELLS TWO GOOD STORIES.

How He Captured a Bear With No Weapon but His Boot Toes—He Was Once Saved From Drowning by a Bottle of Mercuric and Some Watchers.

Jack Ormond is still alive to tell some of the most wonderful tales that are heard in the Adirondacks. Jack has been a guide for some 30 years, ever since he has been big enough to carry a pack basket. He is tall and loose jointed, and his muscles are as hard as buckey knees. His black grizzled beard covers nearly all of his broad face. A pair of small, blinking black eyes do most of his talking for him, but when he is properly aroused he can spin a tale at the camp fire that will startle the screech owl and frightened the wailing doors on the lake shore.

"You've heard some of the fellers say, hasn't yer, how I knocked that old bear last fall?" asked Jack.

We assured him that we never had, and it was strictly true, because he had told us a dozen or more times himself.

"Well, you must know where Truly pond is," continued Jack. "Blessed if I don't knock a bear mighty queer there last fall. Jim Hodge give me a lift on the job, I must say, but that ain't the point. Fact is, the great point was Truly pond."

"He started ter come down the trunk back end first, wakin' at me. My gun wuz over at camp. I didn't have a thing with me, and Jim wuz half a mile back on the trail. That bear I could see had a mighty fine hide that would bring me somethin' like \$20, with the beauty. I didn't care ter have him run away, nor did I want ter shake hands with him and pass the time of day with him till Jim come along and put him asleep with a bullet. I didn't wake up my mind none too soon. The bear warn't half way down the tree when I rushed at him, not knowin' what I would do fer own that hide and capture the bounty. I looked around fer a club, but none come in sight, so when I got ter the foot of the tree there warn't nothin' but one thing ter do. I just hauled off and kicked that bear."

"It wuz the first experiment of the kind I ever heard of, and by gosh it beat anything I ever seen. The bear clawed hard into the bark and snapped at me. He was swim up a bit with his nails when I swung him another and another. I yelled for Jim and swing again. I yelled six times, kickin' between every yell. Then Jim answered, and I kept my yells and kickin', first with one boot and then the other. The bear didn't drop an inch. Just as he eased up a little bit I swing again. Gosh! It seemed as if Jim wuz takin' his time comin' along that trail. Just as I swung the forty-ninth kick Jim come in sight. I dropped flat on my back. Jim popped one inter the bear, and it flopped over on ter me. Jim wuz the most surprised man yer ever see. It wuz the most surprised man yer ever see. That bear!"

Then Jack piled another log on the fire and started on in a new tale.

"This spring I come near bein' done fer," he said. "Kerosene kept me in pickle long enough ter get near a fire, and then I wuz all right again."

We wanted to know if kerosene oil wasn't a new beverage for him.

"No, I didn't drink none," he continued. "I started ter cross Brandy brook on log. I wanted ter cut off a three mile walk around by the trail. The water wuz high, and there wuz a strong current rumpin' out inter the lake. This log wuz about a foot and a half through. I rolled it off with the stream. I tucked my breeches in my boots and shaddled the log. I hadn't kicked a dozen strokes before I got out inter the swift water, and then I could see I wuz in fer it. I kicked ter back up again ter the shore, but it wuz no use, so I let it go. It came on dark, and my feet began ter freeze. My old boots had been well greased, but the water dripped in at the tops and soaked my stockin's. I tried kickin' harder ter keep my blood stirred up. I drifted over toward Bear mountain, and knew that if the wind kept up I would land somewhere before midnight. Just as I wuz gettin' almighty froze I thought of a bottle of kerosene I had to oil my gun. Yer can bet I wuz washin' it wuz somethin' more cheerin' than kerosene oil. A little alcohol and sugar at that time would have slipped down inter them boots from the inside and melted them frozen toes, but there warn't nothin' but kerosene. I poured it half and half inter each boot, and I know it helped ter make me easy for a time. But by and by it seemed ter me the oil must be freezin' too. It wuz lucky I had my old matchbox along in my vest pocket, high and dry. fer then the idea struck me that if I lit a match and sent it down inter the oil it would warm things up some. There warn't much else ter do but think about it. I was makin' fer Bear Mountain Island slow, but steady. If I didn't get there till midnight, my feet would be froze off, so I made up my mind ter try the matches. Luckily fer me my boots had wide tops so I could send the lit match right down ter the bottom where it'd do the most good. Well, sir, the first match in the right boot did the trick fine. It took fire and thawed things out quicker'n I thought. Blistered raised all over, and when it all got sealed all comfortable I wriggled around and put out the fire. Then I tried it on the left foot, and it worked just as well. There wuz enough heat left to start a fire on the island when I drifted in there toward 12 o'clock."

—Brooklyn Eagle.

## DIFFERENT FORMS OF SWORDS.

## THE RAPIER.

The rapier was in general use on the continent some years before it made its appearance in England, where, it must be said, it was received with some and indignation, as being much too elaborate a weapon for a wench respecting an of Men to train with. The cavaliers of France, Spain and Italy, however, were eager to imitate scenes of sword play, and used it with a fatal subtlety.

The cutlass, which we read about in Captain Marryat's stirring tales, and in the thrilling stories of the exploits of pirates on the Spanish Main, was short

and rather broad and flat in the blade, with an exceedingly sharp double edge.

The cutlass and scimitar bears

the evidence of their oriental origin in their curved blades, and suggest the ancestry of the scimitar. The scimitar is the most important cutting implement of modern times. It is distinguished from the sword proper by the singly edged blade, which attains its greatest thickness at the back, and is greatly suggestive of the dire effects of a swinging cavalry charge. The scimitar—a notable sword of the Italian soldiers—carried a conspicuous guard, extending from the quillions to the pommel, formed of a lattice work of metal bands that retained the plating of scimitars in a basket. The basket hilted sword, as it was called, was so closely allied to the scimitar of the Scotch Highlanders that they have frequently been mistaken one for the other.

The glorious epoch of the sword, however, was reached in the sixteenth century.

Great manual skill and a thorough training in the arts were united in a marked degree in the artisans of this period, and gave to the products of the industrial arts a permanent value and beauty. In the shops of the metal workers this proficiency reached a rare excellence.

War was the main occupation of kings,

and civil and military pageants were the favorite pastime of royalty.

The armorer, consequently, were in constant demand and were nothing in their efforts to produce costly, brilliant arms and coats of mail.

Great artizans devoted all the resources

of their genius to the enrichment of the sword. No metal was too precious, no jewel too rare, no fancy too ingenious for its decoration. Hilt were inlaid with gems, set with medallions, carved, embossed, inlaid; scabbards of Spanish leather or Graecian velvet were wrought with gold and silver embroidery; blades of the finest steel were polished to a dazzling lustre and engraved with inscriptions and arabesques. Every article that a fertile imagination could devise and cunning skill carry out was lavished upon the decoration of the beloved weapon.—Mary Stuart McKinney in St. Nicholas.

A Typewritten Love Letter.

Fancy the enormity of sending a typewritten love letter, a crime of which

the nineteenth century lover is often guilty.

One cannot picture even a new woman caring for such a letter; one cannot imagine even the most sentimental maiden reading and rereading such a missive, much less preserving it among her treasures. Its proper place is the wastebasket, to which, be sure, it is promptly consigned.

And fancy, too, the enormity of dictating a love letter—or, worse still, the stenographer's train of thought as she takes down the burning words—and takes the ardor of the sighing swain as he glances over the blue lettered sheet before he affixes his signature.

And, then, what must be the feelings of the recipient of this soulful communication? The sweetheart that realizes that a typewriter—perhaps even further than herself—has had the felicity of hearing the endearing epithets at first hand! Truly the typewritten love letter is the very apotheosis of the die sieste romance. Women have ever been the accomplished letter writers of the world—with here and there, it may be, a Horace Walpole—so to them must we look for a revival of the dying art.

Though the old lengthy epistles will never again be popular, the short letter, like the short story, may be brought to perfection and can be made as distinctive a feature of this age as was the lengthy discourse in the less hurried days of the seventeenth century, when letter writing was regarded as an art, not as a burdensome necessity.—New York Advertiser.

The Demand For Typewriters.

A typewriter—the machine I mean—is sold in New York every five minutes.

At the present writing there are 30,000 typewriters in New York, of all makes,

and the number is constantly increasing.

The amount of capital represented by these machines is \$2,700,000.

The municipal departments of the city government of New York require 154 typewriters to properly transact their business.

But the largest number of typewriters under one roof in the world is in a certain New York office, a building where

there are 402 machines, which are required to do the work of the different tenants of the building.

Hundreds of machines are sent abroad every year.

One made for the czar of Russia has keys of white with gold type bars, and the frame is beautifully inlaid with pearl.—Rochester Post-Express

—Hartford Times.

Hyde Park, N.Y.

—The New York Tribune.

—The New York Times.

—The New York Journal.

—The New York Sun.

—The New York Herald.



